Now all the ſeruice I require of them,
Is that the one will helpe to cut the other?
'Tis well *Lauinia* that thou haſt no hands,
For hands to do Rome ſeruice, is but vaine.
Lucius. Speake gentle ſiſter who hath martered thee?
Marcus. O that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
That blabd them with ſuch pleaſing eloquence,
Is torne from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where like a ſweet mellodious bird it ſung,
Sweet varied notes inchaunting euery eare.
Lucius. Oh ſay thou for her, who hath done this deede?
Marc. Oh thus I found her ſtraying in the Parke,
Seeking to hide herſelfe as doth the Deare
That hath receaude ſome vnrecuring wound.
Titus. It was my Deare, and he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more then had he kild me dead:
For now I ſtand as one vpon a Rock,
Inuirond with a wildernes of Sea,
Who markes the waxing tide, grow waue by waue,
Expecting euer when ſome enuious ſurge,
Will in his briniſh bowels ſwallow him.
This way to death my wretched ſonnes are gone,
Heere ſtands my other ſonne, a baniſht man,
And heere my brother weeping at my woes,
But that which giues my ſoule the greateſt ſpurne,
Is deere *Lauinia*, deerer then my ſoule.
Had I but ſeene thy picture in this plight,
It would haue madded me: what ſhall I doe,
Nowe I beholde thy liuely body ſo?
Thou haſt no hands to wipe away thy teares,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martered thee:
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemnde, and dead by this.
Looke *Marcus*, ah ſonne *Lucius* looke on her,

When

When I did name her brothers, then freſh teares
Stood on her cheekes, as doth the honny dew,
Vpon a gathred Lillie almoſt withered. (husband,
Marc. Perchance ſhe weepes becauſe they kild her
Perchance becauſe ſhe knowes him innocent.
Titus. If they did kill thy husband then be ioyfull,
Becauſe the law hath tane reuenge on them.
No, no, they would not doe ſo foule a deede,
Witnes the ſorrow that their ſiſter makes.
Gentle *Lauinia* let me kiſſe thy lips,
Or make ſome ſigne how I may do thee eaſe:
Shall thy good Vncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
And thou and I ſit round about ſome Fountaine,
Looking all downewards to behold our cheekes
How they are ſtaind in meadowes yet not dry,
With miery ſlime left on them by a flood?
And in the Fountaine ſhall we gaze ſo long,
Till the freſh taſte be taken from that cleerenes,
And made a brine pit with our bitter teares?
Or ſhall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or ſhall we bite our tongues, and in dumbe ſhews
Paſſe the remainder of our hatefull daies?
What ſhall we doe? let vs that haue our tongues
Plot ſome deuiſe of further miſery
To make vs wondred at in time to come.
Luci. Sweet father ceaſe your teares, for at your griefe
See how my wretched ſiſter ſobs and weeps.
Mart. Patience deere Neece, good *Titus* drie thine eyes.
Titus. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, Brother well I wote,
Thy napkin cannot drinke a teare of mine,
For thou poore man haſt drownd it with thine owne.
Luci. Ah my *Lauinia* I will wipe thy cheekes.
Titus. Mark *Marcus* marke, I vnderſtand her ſignes,
Had ſhe a tongue to ſpeake, now would ſhe ſay

That